THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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For The Child's Paper.

PEARL FISHERY.

The beautiful pearl, where does it come from? Down, down, beneath the waters. It is born in the bosom of an oyster; a dark and obscure home; but worth often has such homes; and worth, like pearls, is sought for, and comes to light, and finds its proper value by and by.

The island of Ceylon is famous for its pearl fisheries. Let us visit one. There we find boats of from ten to fifteen tons burden, rigged with only one mast and sail, and with a crew of thirteen men and ten divers. Each boat has five diving stones, weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds. A kind of scaffolding is formed of oars and other pieces of wood, on each side of the boat, from which the diving tackle is hung; three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diver strips off his clothes, jumps into the water, takes hold of the rope which supports a stone, and puts one foot into a loop or stirrup on the top of the stone. After getting his balance, a basket hanging from a rope, (as you see in the picture,) is thrown to him, and in this he puts his other foot. Feeling himself ready, he grasps the rope in one hand and his nose with the other, to prevent the water from rushing in, and the ropes are let off. Down, down he sinks to the dark oyster-bed below. On touching the bottom, he takes his foot from the stone, which is drawn up for the next diver. Then throwing himself as much as possible on his face, he scrambles up the oysters; and if it is a rich bed, and he is expert, he can gather a hundred and fifty in about a minute and a half, which is as long as he can stay under water. He jerks the rope, and he and his basket are hauled up. There are two divers to each stone, and they go down one after the other, one resting while the other is plunging; and so they work on for six hours together.

On the return of the boats to the shore at night, the oysters are thrown into paved pens, where they stay ten days to dry and rot. The shells are then broken, and those which have pearls cleaving to them are handed to the clippers, who wrench the pearls off with pincers. After the shells are thrown away, the slimy part of the oysters remains, mixed with sand and pieces of the shell. This is dipped into a sack, like a jelly bag, water is poured in, and it is shaken until the sand and the pearls sink to the bottom. When dry, the sand is sifted, and the large pearls are easily gathered; but the smaller ones, called "seed pearls," it takes some time to get out and collect together. Once collected, they are washed and sorted into classes, and strung on strings, when they are ready for the market.

Pearls have always been favorite ornaments; and some have been of enormous value. We read that Queen Cleopatra had pearl earrings worth more than eight hundred thousand dollars.

Such facts throw light on the words of our Lord: "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls, who when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all he had and bought it." Showing that the salvation of the soul, which is found in the gospel of Christ, and which may well be called the "pearl of great price," is of more value than every thing else, and worth the cost of *all* we have in order to get possession of it.

A GREAT GIFT.

Sleep is the gift of God; and not a man would close his eyes, did not God put his fingers on his eyelids. True, there are some drugs with which men can poison themselves well-nigh to death, and then call it sleep; but the sleep of the healthy body is the gift of God. He bestows it; he rocks the cradle for us every night; draws the curtain of darkness; he bids the sun shut up his burning eyes, and then he comes and says, "Sleep, sleep, my child; I give thee sleep." You have sometimes laid your head upon your pillow and tried to go to sleep, but you could not do it; it was beyond your power. You close your eyes, but still you see; and there are sounds in your ears, and ten thousand things drive through your brain.

Sleep is the best physician that I know of. It has healed more pains than the most eminent physicians on earth. It is the best medicine. There is nothing like it. And what a mercy it is that it belongs to all. God does not give it merely to the noble or the rich, so that they can keep it as a special luxury for themselves; but he bestows it upon all. Yes, if there be any difference, it is in favor of the poor. "The sleep of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much."

For The Child's Paper.

"THE PADDIES."

A party of rude but well-dressed boys were intent upon worrying two poor barefooted little girls at the corner: first they showered nutshells upon them; then they made believe give them a handful of nuts, and it was a handful of gravel instead; then they set a little dog on them.

"Boys, what are you teasing those poor children so for?" asked a man going by. "O, they are only Paddies," said the boys roguishly.

Only Paddies! and why should Paddies be treated so? People sometimes forget how much we are indebted to the poor Irishmen who come to our shores. They build our railroads, cut our timber, work on our farms, dig our gardens, wash our clothes. What should we do without the strong limbs, broad shoulders, and willing industry of the Paddies? I am sure, for their helpful hands, we should carry towards them friendly hearts. And where shall we find such round, rosy, good-natured faces, such plump, square, strong bodies, and such quick wit, as among the little Irish children? I love them.

We noticed some little girls, who once came every pleasant day to sun themselves on our steps.

Do you suppose I sent somebody to drive them off? Do you suppose I said, "Get out, you Paddies?" No, indeed; I thought, may be God led them to our door for us to care for their souls. So we opened the door and spoke kindly to them, and asked their names. But they looked frightened, and shied off; for I suppose they were not used to kind words. When they came again, we gave them some Child's Papers; we did not think they could read, but we knew the beautiful pictures would please them. After a while they grew less bashful, and would talk with us. And so, little by little, we gained upon their affections.

It was after a storm, that a man knocked at the door and wanted to see "the mistress." "And shure," said the man, "poor Ellen is sick; and will yer plase to come and see her? she is one on 'em that 's been on yer steps." We asked the man his name. "Misther Murphy, Pat. Murphy," telling us where he lived. Sure enough, one of the dear little Paddies had sent for us. And how gladly we went down the lane to her small cabin-home. We found the child sick on a coarse coverlid, with her little sisters squatted beside her, pointing out the pictures in a Child's Paper. The mother was out washing. In this way our acquaintance began.

These children are now in the infant Sabbath-school; and I am sure no little girls there love better to sing, "Happy, happy land, far, far away," or, "When I read that sweet story of old," or, "Our Father who art in heaven," or can answer so many questions about the "infant Jesus in the manger, who came into this world to save us from our sins, and lead us to his Father in heaven."

Is not *this* the best way to treat the Paddies? I am sure it would be Christ's way. C.

"Often," said a missionary, "when offering tracts written by ourselves, have I been told, 'I do not want these scriblets written by your teachers; give me Kuyasa, a God book.'" So precious is the word of God.

Never be discouraged, children, because you can't do *much*. *Do what you can*, angels can do no more.

For The Child's Paper.

UNDER THE FIG-TREE.

If you found a wedge of gold, how you would run to show it to your father and mother, your brothers and sisters. If you make a new acquaintance, how anxious you are to introduce your friends to him, and have them enjoy his society also. It is natural for us to wish our friends to share our enjoyment with us.

I suppose Philip felt so, when he found that Jesus Christ was the very Saviour which the Bible promised to men. He was glad; and he went directly and told his friend Nathanael, "We have found Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph."

"Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" asked Nathanael, for it was a wicked city. Philip did not stop to argue about it. "Come and see" for yourself, he said, knowing how much better satisfied people are to judge for themselves than by hearsay. Nathanael went with Philip. When Jesus saw him coming, he said, "There is a sincere and upright man." How did Jesus know? "How do you know me?" asked Nathanael. "Before Philip called you, when you were under the fig-tree, I saw you," answered the Lord Jesus.

Nathanael instantly felt that he was no stranger to Jesus of Nazareth. Something took place under the fig-tree which showed his true character. He thought he was alone. He thought no eye saw him. Perhaps he went out under its quiet and cooling shade to pray. The Jews often chose such places for secret prayer. But the eye of Jesus of Nazareth pierced into his privacy, and it read his secret thoughts and feelings. Nathanael's conscience told him that he was in the presence of an all-seeing Being; and this was proof enough that he could not be a mere man: he was indeed the long-expected Saviour. "Master," cried the young man, convinced, "thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."

Jesus, children, sees us when we least expect it. Do you try to hide any thing from your mother? You cannot hide it from the Lord Jesus. Do you mean to deceive your father? You cannot deceive the Lord Jesus. If you mutter a wicked word, he hears it; if you harbor a bad thought, he knows it. He searches your heart, and follows you all the day through. You are never alone; you are never out of his sight. The wicked try to flee from his presence; but they never, never can. This is a great comfort, if you live in such a way as not to be afraid of Jesus' eye. This is a comfort which all his friends have. If they are wrongfully blamed, or ill-treated, or neglected, or oppressed, they are sure that Jesus knows it all. He will judge right. He will protect and defend them, and bring out every thing right at last. He counts all your tears, and hears all your sighs.

"It 's dark, and we 've not a drop of candle, and daddy can't see me, and mother can't see me, but Jesus Christ can; he 'll watch me," said a poor sick boy one dark, cold night, taking comfort in the watchful eye above.

How is it with you? Jesus of Nazareth is in heaven now; but he sees you, just as he saw Nathanael under the fig-tree. What does he find you doing? Nathanael was not afraid to have Christ look at him. Are you, my little one?

"MINE'S A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS."

There is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall, where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent. Last year they were sorely tried. The winds were contrary, and for nearly a month they could not put to sea. At last, one Sabbath morning the wind changed, and some of the men whose faith was weak went out towards the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying with sighs, "I 'm sorry it 's Sunday, *but*—" "*If* we were not so poor—"

"But, if," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud; "surely, neighbors, you 're not going with your buts and ifs to break God's law."

The people gathered around him, and he added, "Mine 's a religion for all weathers, fair wind and foul. 'This is the love of God, that ye keep his law.' 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;' that 's the law, friends. And our Lord came not to break, but to fulfil the law. True, we are poor; what of that? Better poor, and have God's smile, than rich and have his frown. Go, you that dare; but I never knew any good come of a religion that changed with the wind."

These words in season stayed the purpose of the rest. They went home and made ready for the house of God, and spent the day in praise and prayer. In the evening, just when they would have been returning, a sudden storm sprung up, that raged terribly for two days. After the tempest came settled weather, and the pilchard fishery was so rich and abundant, that there was soon no complaining in the village. Here was a religion for all weathers. Remember the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good, and verily thou shalt be fed."

For The Child's Paper.

THE TWO SLEDS.

Alfred Young had a handsome sleigh brought from the city. It was called the *Express*, painted with bright colors, and varnished. It was the fleetest runner, and he understood using it better than any boy in Millville. As he said, it "took the shine" entirely from the country boys' home-made unpainted sleighs. His father was a rich city merchant, and he had the best overcoat, mittens, boots, tippet, and cap in the school, and a little spending money in his pocket most of the time.

He used to start from the top of a high hill, while the boys who had no sleds stood with their hands in their pockets looking on, and a few who had poorer ones were waiting for their chance after him, and go like the wind down to the bottom. Again and again would he repeat this trip, until, at the call of the academy bell, he would carefully hang up his sled under his cap, and take his seat. He used to look at its polished surface, and say to himself, "Well, this sled will last me a long time with care. No coarse pegged boots shall ever scratch it, nor careless, ungainly boys break it. It is mine, and I 'll have it to myself; who 's a better right?" No one heard or answered him; but if he had spoken louder, I think truth would have echoed, "Right?" in such a way as to startle even a selfish boy's conscience.

By Alfred's side at school sat Samuel Carter, the son of the farmer with whom Alfred was boarding, because his father thought he required more fresh air and exercise than he could get in the city. Samuel also had a sleigh, made by the village wheelwright, and though much plainer than Alfred's, also a good runner. The day Sam's sleigh was pronounced finished, after receiving its last coat of paint and varnish from his own hands, Alfred said to him, "Now, Sam, do n't be a ninny, and let the boys ruin your sleigh. Mine would be a complete wreck, if I had not turned a deaf ear to their hints. Let them get sleighs of their own, and not be so mean as to want ours."

"I *do n't* want mine spoiled or broken, Alf, but I think I must let all the boys have one turn on it, just to try it; and Dick Johnson ought to have one ride a day, for he can't afford to buy one. His father and mother are dead, and he is supported by the town."

"What, Pauper Dick? I would n't have him on mine for a dollar," said Alfred.

Sam gave all the boys the turn he had promised, and they helped him draw his sleigh back again up the long hill. Dick Johnson too had his ride each day, and sometimes had it "all to himself" a while. Sam's sleigh did get scratched a little, but he did n't mind it, for he said he could n't stand it to see so many boys shivering in the cold, with no sleigh-rides to keep their blood warm, while he had all the fun.

One day Alfred and Samuel were both missing from the school, and a message was sent to the teacher that they were very sick with the measles. It was several weeks before they could go out into the air, or even look out the window, or read a book, their eyes were so weak. Alfred was

fretful and lonely. His mother came from the city to see him, and as he could not be carried home in cold weather without danger, she bought him some very handsome toys; and after she went home she sent him a fresh bouquet of greenhouse flowers once a week, to make the time pass more easily in the darkened room.

Sam had no such expensive attentions, but every day about twelve o'clock Dick Johnson, who had passed through the measles, and though a very poor boy was a good reader, knocked at the door, and sitting softly down by Sammy's couch, read aloud out of some interesting books the boys had lent him; and after school at night other scholars would call at the door, and inquire after him, and those who could be admitted, took turns in reading to him. There was no blessed Child's Paper in those days; but Robinson Crusoe and the Swiss Family Robinson on week-days, and the Sunday-school library books on Sunday, made the hours fly swiftly to Sammy, so that the doctor said the boys' attentions did him more good than medicine.

Alfred's days passed so slowly that during his last week of confinement he was thankful to have his couch moved into Sammy's room, and spend the day there, and get the benefit of "*Pauper Dick's*" attentions, and receive the kindness of the other boys. Each had loaned their choicest books; and as children's books were then rare, Sammy had the best treat of his life while he was shut up in the sick-room.

Before they got well enough to go out, the snow was gone. The two sleighs hung up in farmer Carter's lumber-room all the next summer—one bright, untarnished, and the other scratched and rough, and a "little worse for wear." Which would you have chosen—the Express with all its glory and beauty; or the nameless sled, with all the love and friendship? My opinion is, that Alfred learned a lesson that winter which will make him less anxious to shine, and more careful to "*show himself friendly*," and thus "*gain friends*." M. E. W.

For The Child's Paper.

A DUEL.

What is a duel? It is two men trying to shoot each other according to a plan fixed upon beforehand, in order to settle a quarrel. One is often killed; sometimes both; sometimes they barely escape death, with severe wounds; sometimes, being poor marksmen, or conscience-struck at the awful business in which they are engaged, they miss aim, and neither falls.

There are some who call duelling an honorable way of settling a quarrel. And men are afraid of being called cowardly, if they refuse to fight. Refusing to fight under such circumstances cowardly? No; there is no cowardice in it. A man ought to be afraid to kill his fellow-man.

A distinguished gentleman received a challenge to fight a duel a few months ago. Did he fight? No. "Your life," he said to the man who sent it, "could not be the value of a pin's point to me, and I am sure I should derive no comfort from making your wife a widow, or your children fatherless; therefore I have no desire to take it: while my own life is not only of value to me, but indispensable to the support and happiness of my family, and I hope to make it useful to my country; therefore I am not disposed to place it at your disposal."

A capital, common-sense answer. But there is a more serious light in which duelling should be viewed. Duelling not only breaks the laws of reason, and the laws of the land, but the law of God, "Thou shalt not kill." Duelling is planning to kill—deliberately killing. The duellist is a murderer. He has a thirst for blood. For a small injury, for a supposed slight, for an irritating word, nothing will satisfy his angry feelings but killing a man, and setting himself up as a mark to be killed also. What kind of satisfaction is that? It would be difficult to tell. If either is successful, one is sent into eternity, and the other left to bear the burden of the murderer about until his dying day. Is that satisfaction? How different is this from the gospel mode of settling insults and injuries. Forgive; "for," and notice what a reason is given—"*for* if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses."

Christ's way is not insult for insult, injury for injury, an eye for an eye: "But *I* say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

For The Child's Paper.

HAND WORK AND HEAD WORK.

Young men—young farmers, mechanics, clerks, are apt to say they have no time for reading, no time for studying. No time! Find it then; hunt it up. There *is* time somewhere. You may be sure there *is* time for vigorous self-improvement. And where there is a will, there certainly is a way to get it. Elihu Burritt found time. Here is an extract from his journal when he was twenty-five years old:

Monday, June 18. Headache; forty pages of Cuvier's Theory of the Earth, sixty-four pages French, *eleven hours forging*.

Tuesday. Sixty-five lines Hebrew, thirty pages French, ten pages Cuvier, eight lines Syriac, ten Danish, ten Bohemian, three Polish, fifteen names of stars, *ten hours forging*.

Wednesday. Twenty-five lines of Hebrew, fifty pages of astronomy, *eleven hours forging*.

Thursday. Fifty-five lines Hebrew, eight Syriac, *eleven hours forging*.

Friday. Unwell; twelve hours forging.

Saturday. Unwell; fifty pages Natural Philosophy, *ten hours forging*.

Sunday. Lesson for Bible-class.

Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and he has earned the title, "Learned Blacksmith." He was born in New Britain, in Connecticut, in 1811. We thank him for showing us what can be done; how hand work and head work can and ought to go together. If he found time for the study of a dozen different languages, besides a large amount of general reading, every young person has time for a systematic course of reading, and perhaps of study. Ask a friend to direct you in such a course, and begin it now. The most valuable furnishing store in the world is a well-furnished mind.

"I have been an attentive reader of The Child's Paper since its commencement; I have every number filed, and derive great instruction from its perusal."

A Western Clergyman.

For The Child's Paper.

A BAND OF BROTHERS.

Arcot is a large district in the eastern part of India. There is a city in it called Arcot. The people worship idols. But the gospel is preached in that city. Five brothers and a sister are there, telling the poor heathen about Jesus Christ and his love for sinners—Henry, William, Joseph, Ezekiel, Jared, and Louisa Scudder, children of Rev. Dr. Scudder, who spent his life as a missionary in India. These young men were sent to this country to be educated, but when they had finished their studies, they each went back to India to labor for the good of their native land. Four of these brothers are married; so that there are ten young people of one name—one family united in one mission, and serving one Master. O what a band of brothers is that!

Henry first went to Arcot five years ago. How did he begin? "We go," he says, "to some green tree, or to a native verandah, (a sort of portico,) or to the side of a street, or a by-way, and read for a few minutes. A crowd soon collects, and we begin to speak. Perhaps some one stops us at once; but we look kindly at him, and ask him to hear us for a little while, promising him that afterwards he shall have a chance to say what he likes; or we stop, and tell him if he is in haste we will gladly hear him first. Generally we have not much difficulty. Sometimes, when I have had a sharp opposer, and did not know how to answer him, I have lifted my heart in silent prayer to God, and received, as from an opened beam, just the reply. How happy am I. I love the work of street preaching."

Do you suppose there are five happier brothers here at home?

For The Child's Paper.

THE INDIAN MOTHER.

An Indian family of superior rank in Martha's Vineyard, lost their first five children in infancy; neither their medicines or their powwows could save them. A sixth was born a few years before the English settled in the island, and the poor mother was greatly distressed lest this should die also. She felt helpless herself, and she could not trust her priests and doctors. "But is there not some almighty God to be prayed to?" were her thoughts, "a God that made every thing we see—a God who gave me life, and other people life, and who gave life to my baby; and if he gave life, can he not continue it?" The poor Indian mother determined to seek this God and pray to him for the life of her child. As soon as she was able, she took it up in her arms and went into the field, and fell down and prayed to him in its behalf. The little one lived; this strengthened her faith; she believed there was One on high who heard and answered prayer, and thus, in the gratitude of her heart, she devoted her boy to God.

Not long after, the white men came and settled at Martha's Vineyard, and the Indians who had been at some of their meetings, told about their coming together, and that the man who spoke, often looked up to the sky. The mother heard about it: "These strangers meet for prayer," she thought, "and perhaps they pray to the same God I pray to, and who saved the life of my child." She longed to see them.

Mr. Mayhew, the minister of the white men, soon visited that part of the island where she lived, and preached the gospel. The woman went to hear him. It was just the gospel for her. She believed it, and joyfully received Jesus Christ the Son of God, as her almighty Saviour and Helper. She afterwards united with the church, and in the story of her experience of God's goodness and mercy, they saw that "the same Lord over all, is rich *unto all that call upon him*." All sincere and humble seekers after God, may go to him without waiting for more light or instruction; let them go to him just as they are, as this poor pagan mother did; he can bring them to a clearer knowledge of himself by ways and means which they little expect.

"What became of the little boy?" He grew up a Christian boy, became a preacher of the gospel, and pastor of a flourishing Indian church in the Vineyard. God accepted and blessed the mother's offering.

For The Child's Paper.

TO LITTLE MARY.

Listen, Mary, papa 's coming,
Gladly we his footsteps hear;
Little feet will haste to meet him
When we know that he is near.

Mary loves her papa dearly;
Papa loves his daughter too:
When he says, "God loves her better,"
She can scarce believe it true.

"May she love her heavenly Father,
Praise and thank him for his care,
Be his little child for ever"—
This is papa's constant prayer.

WISHES.

O that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest,
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On thee is fixed; to thee I cry;
O purge out all my dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within:
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part;
And when 't is clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

Child, you grieve because
Clouds are in the air;
Rule the weather in your heart,
Make it summer there.

Tears of vain regret
Dim your downcast eyes;
Let the sunlight of the soul
Laughing through them rise.

Clouds of sullen grief
O'er your spirit go;
Let the smiles of faith and hope
Through the darkness glow.

Then the bow of heaven,
Beaming, bending there,
All your sorrowing soul shall span
With its beauty rare.

For The Child's Paper.

FIRE.

How good the fire feels! warming us in the wintry chills, and cheerfully lighting up the long winter evenings. No animal but man can kindle a fire; other animals have lights, like glowworms and fireflies. A gentleman once found he could read fine print in a dark room by the light of two small fireflies under a tumbler. And there are birds which are said to use them for lamps in their dwellings. The bottle-nested sparrow, or baya, of India, is one. Its nest is closely woven like cloth, of the form of a bottle turned upside down, the interior of which is divided into two or three chambers, one over the other. But they are very dark; so what does the bird do, but catch fireflies and stick them up to the walls of his nest with wet clay. How the firefly likes being turned into a chandelier, I do not know; but it is certainly a very sensible contrivance of the bird. Who kindled the first fire? And *how* was it kindled? These are questions nobody can settle, though they are often asked. Suppose you were thrown upon a desert island without match or tinder, or flint or steel, what would you do? Sparks can be obtained by rubbing violently together two dry sticks. This was the wild man's tinder-box. But it is a long and tedious work. Then sparks were struck out of certain stones. The Patagonian Indians were seen striking fire with flint and a piece of metallic earth, using feathers for tinder. A traveller in the Arctic regions found a woman of the Dog-ribbed Indians, who had been some months in the forest without seeing a human being. She had built a hut, and contrived to snare rabbits and partridges. To get fire, she picked up two sulphurous stones, from which, by long rubbing and hard knocking, she drew sparks, and used touchwood for tinder.

The Arctic Indians have two ways to obtain light, one by rubbing together two sticks, and the other by knocking together two stones, and catching the sparks on dry moss. The tinder-box, with its flint and steel, was a great improvement over these rough and bungling means of getting fire; it used to be one of the most important articles of the old kitchen furniture. But the tinder-box has passed away; improvements have set it altogether aside, and friction-matches—cheap, light to carry, and easy to light—are the most useful servants of the household. Did you ever think how many years it took to reach the idea of a simple friction-match, which kindles our fires with such convenience and dispatch?

Before this little child lies down on her pillow, she kneels down and thanks God for his goodness to her. Can a kitten thank God? No; because a kitten cannot think or understand about God. You can, because you have a soul; it is your soul that thinks of God.

Besides thanking God, this little girl asks God to forgive her naughty thoughts and naughty actions, and make her good and obedient, like his dear Son. She wants to be one of God's dear children. She also prays God to take care of her in the night. When her father and mother are asleep, they cannot watch over her little bed, and keep her from harm. Whose eye never sleeps? It is God's. He looks down upon her all the dark night through, and sends his angels to tend her. Do you know the pretty verse—

"I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow of my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed."

How sweet and safe to feel in God's tender care.

For The Child's Paper.

THE CONSEQUENCES."

"Consequences! who thinks of consequences?" cried a fast young clerk of Washington-street, Boston, when a friend warned him of danger. He dashed off with a couple of fine horses to Fresh Pond, and spent the night in carousing. That was two years ago. But what *were* the consequences which he so recklessly dashed away the thoughts of? A few months afterwards he fled from the city, over head and ears in debt, took passage to Australia, and died in a grog-shop!

Ah, these consequences are dreadful reckoners. If you don't think of them, they will dog you night after night, track you from city to city, appear as swift witnesses against you, and finally drag you down to ruin here, and hell hereafter. You *must* think of consequences.

"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

For The Child's Paper.

"THE LARGEST HALF TO GOD."

"Mother," asked a little boy, who was trying to make a good beginning of the new year, "how much of my spending-money do you think I ought to give to God?" "I do not know," said his mother; "how much have you?" He opened his wallet and dropped it on the table, a gold dollar his grandmother gave him for a Christmas present, a three cent, and a five cent piece. "There's my gold dollar; I'll halve that," he said, "three cents and five cents are eight cents, and half of that is four. No. *I'll give the largest half to God.* I'll give him half the dollar and the five cents." How many Christians are following this child's example, and giving their largest half to God?

A BIG OVEN.

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